

454 ODES* P
A&THENo pH 12,

f. B.
 Barnes. Lf
 May 1593,

The Shepherd sate, but did
 compile Green-knotted
 rushings; Then roundelays
 sings! And pleasant doth
 twilight beguile!

At length^ he somewhat nearer presst*
 And, with a glance, the Nymph
 deceiving^ He kissed her! She
 said, " Be at rest!" Willing
 displeased, in the receiving! Thence,
 from his purpose, never leaving^ He
 pressed her further! She would cry
 " Murder r But somewhat was, her
 breath bereaving i

At length, he doth possess her
 whole! Her lips! and, all he
 would desire! And would have
 breathed in her, his soul! If that
 his soul he could inspire: Eft
 that chanced, which he did
 require, A live soul possesst Her
 matron breast— Then waking, I
 found Sleep a liar I

ODE g.



* out walking in these valleys, When fair
 PARTHENOPHE doth tread* How joy some
 FLORA, with her dallies I And* at her steps,
 sweet flowers bred !
 Narcissus yellow* Amd Amaranthus ever
 red, ."Which all her footsteps overspread;
With. Hyacinth, that finds no fellow.